

## Selections.

**DR. KANE'S NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION FROM N. YORK.**—The Doctor thus explained his plan at a late Meeting in New York. The party should consist of some thirty men, with a couple of launches, sledges, dogs, and gutta-percha boots. The provisions will be pemmican—a preparation of dried meat, packed in moss, impregnable to the appetite of the polar bear. We shall leave the United States in time to reach the Bay at the earliest season of Navigation. The brig furnished by Mr. Grinnell for the purpose, is admirably strengthened and fully equipped to meet the peculiar trials of the service. After reaching the settlement of Upernivik, we take in a supply of Esquimaux dogs, and a few picked men to take charge of the sledges. We then enter the ice of Melville Bay, and, successful in its penetration, hasten to Smith's Sound, to secure our vessel to the utmost navigable point, and here securing her for the winter.

The operations of search, however, are not to be suspended. Active exercise is the best safeguard against the scurvy; and, although the darkness of winter will not be in our favour, I am convinced that, with the exception, perhaps, of the solstitial period of maximum obscurity, we can push forward our provision depots by sledge and launch, and thus prepare for the final efforts of our search. In this I am strengthened by the valuable opinion of my friend, Mr. Murchison, late the sailing master of the *Advance*. He has advocated this very Sound as a basis of land operations. And the recent journey of William Kennedy, commanding Lady Franklin's last Expedition, shows that the Fall and Winter should no longer be regarded as lost months.

The sledges which constitute so important a feature of our Expedition, and upon which not only our success but our safety will depend, are to be constructed with extreme care. Each sledge will carry the blanket, bags and furs, of six men, together with a measured allowance of Pemmican. A light tent of India Rubber cloth of a new pattern, will be added, but for our nightly halt the main dependence will be the snow house of the Esquimaux. It is almost incredible, in the face of what obstacles, to what extent a well organized sledge party can advance. The relative importance of every ounce of weight can be calculated, and the system of advanced depots of provisions organized admirably.—Alcohol or tallow is the only fuel, and the entire cooking apparatus which is more for thawing the snow for tea-water, than for heating food—can be carried in a little bag. Lieut. McClintock, of Commander Austen's expedition, travelled thus 800 miles; the collective journeys of the expedition equalled several thousand, and Baron Wrangell made, by dogs, 1,533 miles in seventy-four days, and this over a fast-frozen ocean.—But the greatest sledge journey upon record is that of my friend, Mr. Kennedy, who accomplished nearly 1400 miles, most of it in mid winter, without returning upon his tract to avail himself of deposited provisions. His only food—and we may here learn the practical lesson of the traveller to avoid unnecessary baggage—was Pemmican, and his only shelter the Snow House.—It is my intention to cover each sledge with a gutta percha boat—a contrivance which the experience of the English has shown to be perfectly portable. Thus equipped, we follow the tread of the coast, seeking the open water. Once there, if such reward awaits us, we launch our little boats, and, bidding God speed us, embark upon the waters.—(Applause.)

**FEROUS ATTACK BY A GRIZZLY BEAR IN CALIFORNIA.**—The following story is by a correspondent of the Sacramento Union, writing from Diamond Springs:

I saw yesterday, about fifteen miles from this point on the road from here to Carson Valley, a man who had been most horribly mutilated by a grizzly bear. On Wednesday morning last, a man living near Sly Park Creek, on the emigrant road, while hunting, discovered a she bear, with two cubs about the size of a common dog, coming up a ravine within gun shot of where he was standing in the road. As the bear had not discovered him, he determined to give her a shot. The ball struck her back of the shoulder, but too low to prove fatal. She immediately raised upon her hind legs, turning her head from side to side to discover her assailant. He had commenced loading, but before he got his powder down the bear discovered him. He took to a tree, and barely escaped, as the bear was so near that he kicked her head with his feet before he got out of her reach. She was enraged, and kept him in the tree for over two hours. While there he shouted for help, and succeeded in attracting the attention of some men in the employment of Bradley Berdon and

Co., who went to his relief; but when they reached the tree the bear had been gone about ten minutes. They tracked her into a thick chaparral covering about three acres, and there left her.

After dinner they mustered double-barrelled guns and rifles to the number of fourteen shots, and started for the chaparral. Upon reaching it the men very imprudently scattered, some venturing in to see if they could start her, while others climbed trees, to be in a place of safety; and to get a view of the ground. Among those who took to a tree was a man by the name of Charles H. Packard, who had gone a short distance into the bush, and as he had no gun, placed himself in a sapling about six inches through. The tree forked about six feet from the ground, and Packard went up one of the branches, a distance of about twelve feet from the ground, and in reply to one of his companions said he considered himself safe.

At this moment he cried out, "Here's the bear with a rod of me!" but hardly got the words out of his mouth, before she made towards him furiously, jumped at and caught the tree a few feet below him, and with her tremendous weight, split it at the fork, carrying man and tree with her to the ground. He fell upon his back, and the bear seized him by the left side of his head and face, cutting a deep gash in the upper lip, and tearing the flesh from the right corner of the mouth near the large artery in the neck, then by the fore arm, laying bare the tendons, breaking some of them, and biting his right hand through and through. She then left the upper part of the body, and made an effort seemingly to tear open his bowels, as she left some fifteen wounds on his body, but none of them so deep as to enter the cavity, and finished her horrible work by taking out about two pounds of flesh from his right thigh. By this time Packard was so nearly exhausted that he lay as if dead, and the bear left him. Some of the company were within twenty steps of the wounded man, but were unable to render him any assistance.

They saw the bear break down the tree, heard his cries for help, but after he struck the ground they could see neither bear nor man, so thick was the chaparral around them.

Mr. Packard was carried to the house, and notwithstanding he is so terribly mutilated, is in a fair way to recover. He said this morning that he thought he would be up in a few weeks. Dr. Slaughter, of Pleasant Valley, dressed his wounds. The bear is said to be one of the largest kind, and, in consequence of being wounded, had become furious. She has not been captured.

**RESIST NOT EVIL.**—The Pastor Oberlin, having received warning that some uncivilized and brutal persons in his parish had formed a plan for waylaying and inflicting upon him "a severe castigation," took for his text in church, on the Sunday when he had been told the outrage was to be perpetrated, those words of our Saviour, "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and proceeded, from these words, to speak of the Christian patience with which we should suffer injuries, and submit to false surmises and ill-usage. After the service, the malcontents met at the house of one of the party to amuse themselves in conjecturing what their pastor would do, when he should find himself compelled to put in practice the principles he had so readily explained. What, then, must have been their astonishment when the door opened, and Oberlin himself stood before them! "Here I am, my friends," said he, with that calm dignity of manner which inspires even the most violent with respect; "I am acquainted with your design. You have wished to chastise me because you consider me culpable. If I have indeed violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself into your hands, than that you should be guilty of the meanness of an ambushade." These simple words produced their intended effect. The peasants, ashamed of their scheme, sincerely begged his forgiveness, and promised never again to entertain a doubt of the sincerity of the motives by which he was actuated, and of his affectionate desire to promote their welfare.—*Life of Oberlin.*

**CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.**—The following precious sample of "religious equality," upon the Roman model, is extracted from the *Kilkenny Moderator*.—One of those demonstrations of ruffianly intolerance and violence, which of late so frequently disgrace this country, took place in our city on Tuesday last. Mr. Tapper, the local inspector of the Irish Church Missions, with his wife and one of his children, went out to take a walk between three and four o'clock

in the afternoon, and chance led them in the direction of St. James's-green, through which they were passing, unconscious of aught that could give the slightest offence or annoyance to any human being, and unsuspecting of any intention on the part of the people there resident to assail them by word or action. But scarcely had they made their appearance in the Green, and were about turning into Flood-Street, with the intention of proceeding to the New road, when a riotous mob, called together from the various houses by signals from persons in the street, assembled about them, commenced operations by yellings and abuse, and then began to hurl stones and incite ferocious dogs to attack their unoffending victims. Mrs. Tapper and her child were several times struck and severely hurt by the missiles, besides suffering the greatest alarm from the attack of the furious dogs, which were with difficulty kept off by Mr. Tapper; and it is difficult to speculate upon the amount of injury which all three might have sustained, had not a few soldiers of the 71st Regiment providentially made their appearance in the street, and, seeing respectable persons most wantonly assailed, immediately proceeded to give them their protection."

**UNIVERSALISM.**—A writer for the Congregationalist, who was present at the convention, recently held in New York, gives a doleful account of the appearance of things. The small attendance, the want of interest, the evident signs of decay, announce the time when this error shall become extinct. But a few now can be found who believe in bare bald Universalism, and most of those persons who professed it years ago now believe in the restoration doctrine, which simply means that when a man dies he goes to a world of woe, stays there one year, or one hundred years, expiates his sins, and goes up from blackness and darkness to swell the halleluiah of the saved. Universalism is now looking three ways. One party is verging to infidelity: a second division is going into Unitarianism, and the third class are convinced of the truth of orthodoxy. The days of this delusion are numbered. Thomas S. King has left the sect. Mr. Chapin is jolting between Universalism and Unitarianism, and a multitude more are on the move. The erection of an Universalist College will give what remains of the denomination to Unitarianism, and the sooner the better.—*Christian Era.*

**HOME.**—Love smoothes over the cradle of the infant, over the couch of the aged, over the welfare and comfort of each and all; to be happy man retires from the outdoor world, home. In the household circle the troubled heart finds consolation, the disturbed finds rest, the joyous finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of death, say that they go home.—Their longing for heaven is to them a home-sickness. Jesus also represented the abode of eternal happiness under the picture of a home, a father's house. Does not this tell us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of Heaven, and a foretaste of that higher home?

**THE NEEDLE'S EYE AND THE CAMEL.**—I met the other day, an interesting illustration of what follows (verse 24) about the camel and the needle's eye. Lord Nugent, when at Hebron, was directed "to go out by the needle's eye," that is by the small side gate of the city. And in many parts of England the old game of "Thread, the Needle," is played in the following words:

"How many miles to Hebron?  
Three score and ten.  
Shall I be there by mid-night?  
Yes, and back again.  
Then thread the needle," &c.

Now this explains and modifies one of the strongest and most startling passages of scripture on the subject of riches; for the camel can go through the needle's eye, but with difficulty, and hardly with a full load, nor without stooping.—*Bishop Shirley in a "Letter to a Friend," Dec. 1845.*

**THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.**—No man ought to think he hath found peace, when nothing troubles him; nor that all is well, because everything is according to his mind; nor that he is a holy person, because he prays with great sweetness and comfort. But he is at peace who is reconciled to God; and God loves him when he hath overcome himself; and all is well when nothing pleases him but God, being thankful in the midst of his afflictions; and he is holy who, which he hath lost his comfort, loses nothing of his duty, but is still the same when God changes his face towards him.

[JEREMY TAYLOR.]